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in the  
heart of  
Things.



# In the Heart of Things.

BY

A. McK. ELLIOTT.

---

Cast forth thy Act, thy Word, into the Ever-living,  
Ever-working Universe; it is a Seed Grain that  
cannot die.

*"Sartor Resartus."*

*Carlyle.*

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

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SCATTERING LIFE IN VISIONS OF BEAUTY ! . .

# Sunlight.



## Ideal.

**S**unlight ! the very breath of all mortal being. Flowing from countless suns. Voyaging through vast æons of space ; 'til it mingles with the full glory of our own dazzling orb of majestic grandeur.

**S**unlight, awaking in us, each day, a new born "hope." Smiling that we may smile. **L**ike some God with golden feet, chasing the darkness and revealing truth.

**H**ow often have we watched, ah ! with infinite delight, its first glowing shafts of burnished gold—breaking, in showers of beauty, o'er the mountain's lofty summit, and streaming to the valleys. Or breaking through a cloud rift ; making the welcome raindrops, clinging to leaf, ripening corn, and bending grass ; flash like jewels, of priceless purity. . . . As the heavenly light of beautiful eyes, are mirrored through tears of joy.



Softly it glideth over the valleys,  
and their sparkling streams. Where the young colts  
prance and rear, lambs skip and frolic, and the wild flowers  
awake, in summer smiles. On to the Hamlet, and the  
city's surging throng; gilding each spire and dome;  
streaming adown the broad highways; fain would seek  
the fetid alleys, and the vaults of crime; flowing like a  
thing of glory, life and sweetness, health! and vigor!  
and joy!

Softly it steals, to the bowers of  
the fair; flooding with golden lustre, tresses of flowing  
beauty, alike on the rich and the poor,—mingling with the  
perfume of the rose and the woodbine; and scattering,  
on the breath of morn, their fragrance divine!

Opening the butterfly's delicate  
wings. Alluring the fish, with its golden gleam; as they  
dart, like flashing prisms of silver and of gold, from the  
rippling waters of the river, or pool. Where the swans,  
neck arched and proudly, glide; charmed by its glorious  
influence; betwixt the lilies white and yellow; that cup-  
like hold its soft enchanting rays. Creating soft shadows,  
in leafy bowers and dripping grottos. Where graceful  
ferns, crowned with lyre-like fronds, are spread in Nature's  
wild profusion. Where the cascade's waters laugh and  
leap, and 'midst its mist-like sprays, soft rainbows float  
like halos, o'er some thing divine.

Where its soft rays break through  
labyrinths of sheltering green; melodies of sunlight joy,



fill the balmy air with the silvery thrill of sylvan lutes.  
And where the open flower, smiles back to the glowing  
Heavens ; the bee hums on its path of sunlight, from flower  
to flower.

**T**his glorious thing the hand  
of mammon cannot mar. The emblem of sweetness and  
of joy. Inspiring the strong ; life to the weak. The  
smile of hope to the mariner ; when the storm has slackened  
in its fury ; and its God-like rays, pierce the deep blackness  
of the sky. **P**leading with the dark impassioned waves.  
. . . **L**ike the soft caress of golden curls, on a dark  
and fretful brow.

**B**alcony hours of sunlit joy ; treading  
on paths of air ; that wake the flowers, and the maiden  
sweet ; and chase the shadows of care.

**S**cattering life in visions of  
beauty ; filling the golden ears of bounty ; spreading the  
emerald mantles of spring, and the shimmering veils of  
golden summer.

**C**heering the heart of the  
hapless waif ; and quick'ning the steps of vigorous man-  
hood. . . . The golden wand of Hope ! to lighten  
bereavement's aching void, and vanquish the forces of  
despair.

**H**appy, laughing, joyous sunlight.  
The glory of childhood's happy hours ; weaving the golden

mysteries of a maiden's thought, and the airy castles of  
youth's strong, unyielding hope. Caressing the snowy  
locks of enfeebled age, and dancing along, with little feet.

'Tis mingled with the thoughts of flowers.

A language silent, yet sublime ! . . .

The victory of beauty's hours ; . . .

Where beauty is a thing, " divine " !

Deep ! in the glowing " Heart of Things " !









FOREVER MAJESTIC ! . . . FOREVER THE SAME !



# Ocean.



## Ideal.

Ocean ! . . . .

Forever Majestic ! . . . . Forever the same !

. . . . The mind of the child is filled with awe !

. . . . The mind of the man with feelings of  
wonder ; on first beholding its mighty expanse !

Its huge foam-crested waves ;  
breaking in graceful grandeur, o'er beach, and rock,  
and frowning cliff.

Who, would it not inspire ?  
Where is the soul ! that cannot respond to its mighty  
impulse ?

Behold ! this vast, eternal,  
monument of Majesty ! and of power ! . . . .

This restless Mighty Spirit of the Deep . . . .

Witness of Glory and decay ! . . . . Of empires  
that have grown out of time, but to vanish ! As the  
vessel's track, upon its boundless way ! . . . .

Or as the shadows that melt away, with the sun's  
departing rays. Far on its " Western Way " ! to the

"Gates of the Night" . . . Lost in a scene  
of transient splendour! . . . A sea of dazzling  
purple; crowned with a golden glory!

This giant beneath the sunlight  
and the stars! . . . That laughs to scorn the  
withering frowns of fate! and buries deep within its  
"mighty fathoms," the shadowy "Minions of  
Despair"!

Solemn! yet how sublime! . . . The  
solemnity that is born of sovereign dignity!

We have but to behold it! and our  
minds respond! . . . expand! . . . exult! . . .

We have but to sail upon its mighty breast to ex-  
perience that delightful sense of freedom! that seems to  
live in the breath of the Ocean. A buoyancy perhaps  
alone experienced there. Away go all thoughts of  
sadness, our ills, like autumn leaves before the wind!  
How can they live whilst "Greatness" holds us in his  
"Giant Arms"!

The fresh briny gust seems  
to kill the sting in every single thought, that lingers  
discordant to its "joyous, exultant song"!  
. . . Borne upon the "Wings of Time," there is  
no change. From the "Dawn," ere verdure first awoke  
from "latent fire"; and its great waters rolled, in

gleaming splendour, from "Nature's mighty cisterns of space"! . . . As then, so now, . . . The symbol of a "splendid constancy"! . . .

Roll on! in restless grandeur, roll!  
Spirit of Majesty! and Soul!!

Calm! Serene! in its inmost heart and depths.  
Angry only with the "Furies," that lash its "beaming waters" into seething mountains of foam! . . .  
"White with passion"! awful in their Majesty! . . .  
Yet we hear the "deep sighing of its Mighty Spirit"!  
As if it would, ah! a thousand times rather, play with the "Sunlight" in . . . "gleaming gladness,"  
and share with the sky its "melting blue."

Soft as an infant's cheek!  
this the greatest power on earth! . . . Lapping  
the glistening sands, or thundering along the darkened shore! . . . The immense! . . . immensity!  
. . . That bears upon its mighty breast, the winged messengers of commerce and of war! . . .

What depths of inspiration,  
in the Ocean's mighty impulse! . . .

. . . In the strength that is born—  
out of the "Heart of Things"!



DEEP IN NATURE'S GLANCE,  
Hope's BRIGHT EYE IS SEEN !



# hope.



Deep in nature's glance,  
    "Hope's" bright eye is seen !  
When Spring, a returning glory,  
    Bursts into living green !

Deep in the glory of night ;  
    Through depths of immortal stars !  
The beauty of "Venus" at eve ;  
    And the glittering "Warrior Mars !"

Deep in the crested wave,  
    That breaks on the gleaming shore,  
The splendour of alpine summit ;  
    And the leaping torrent's roar.

Deep in the songs of the forest,  
    The beauty of summer's wing.  
The trip of a winsome maiden ;  
    And the anvil's merry ring.

Deep in the mariner's eye,  
Deeper in battle's array.  
Deep in the palace of wealth ;  
And the soul of a shivering stray.

Deep in the heart of youth ;  
Where " Fancy " is God of display :  
And " Hope " like the lamp of Aladdin,  
Scattereth jewels, by the way.

Deep in the souls of women ;  
The " Lilies " we seek, to adore !  
Deepest where " Love," a " Divinity " !  
Conquers alone to restore.

Deep in the ceaseless murmur,  
Of the City's human stream.  
Deepest where " castles of air,"  
Are built in the " light " of a dream.

Deep where the light of day,  
Fades in a " Glory Spread " !  
A vision of rapturous splendour ! . . .  
That only a " God " may tread.







IN THE MUSIC OF THE RILL!—IN THE RUSTLE OF LEAVES!



# Music.



## Its Influence.

Music ! . . . Transcendent ! . . . Divinest . . .  
Art ! . . . How limitless its depths of inspira-  
tion ! How glorious its influence upon the human  
mind !

Long, ere we learnt the  
true meaning of the word ; by the side of one whose  
voice was to us music ever ; we felt for the first time  
“ that influence sublime.” As it softly stole from  
gentle fingers ; one music, one memory, forever sweet.

Who shall say its soul  
inspiring melodies ! touch but the fibres of a human  
sense ; transitory alone in their influence ? Do they  
not stir within us, the deepest feelings, ah ! the noblest  
feelings ; and leave their impressions, whether of joy or  
of sadness, no less thrilling ! no less inspiring ! no  
less divine !!

May, in the mind of the most brutalized being, music has touched a deeper chord. Whilst for countless thousands, 'tis a voice of enchantment. **T**he **G**olden **K**ey of the **S**oul !

Ah ! even the poor dumb brute at our feet ; unfailing in friendship and in devotion ; who looks up with his honest eyes, into ours ; and seems to speak to us in language we cannot mistake. Why does he moan and howl at the sound of music ? . . . **I**s it because it overpowers him ? . . . As the noonday sun, in its full glory, dazzles the eye and dims the sight. Too much for his kindly, but limited, sense. **Y**et does he not, only too often, exhibit far more soul than many a man ?

**T**ruer emotions of heart and brain, are they not, so often, born of music ? Twin chords that wake to the touch of fingers divine ! **I**nvoking long thoughts from " whispered depths." **I**n the language of rippling water ; in the murmur of the ocean, breaking softly on a sunlight shore ; in the rustle of leaves at the waking of day, in the song of the lark, on its heavenward course.

**S**eemingly limitless, as the Universe itself, its melodies of beauty vibrate through every fibre of our being ; and hold us spell-bound, under their entrancing influence.

Voicing the tempest's awful fury ! . . . Its  
voices of thunder ! . . . The lightning's vivid  
flash portraying ! The roar of the furies ! passion  
blind ! . . . Anon the dark threat of hatred !  
The dread heat of passion ! or the last farewell ! . . .  
Yet ever from depths of darkest shadow, breaking into  
golden bars, that soul-thrilling rapture ! the " soft-  
light-of-Love " !

How naturally our thoughts respond  
to the " Organ's grand appeal " ! . . . when its  
rich sonorous tones roll out ! . . . and our truest  
feelings well up from " The Heart of Things." Where  
next the deepest shadows, " for a truce," glow the highest  
lights ! . . .

In the distance loom the returning  
victors ! one sweeping mass of glittering steel ! . . .  
Nearer ! . . . and yet near, floats the flag of  
freedom ! But, 'tis in the well-known martial strain,  
we feel the warm blood leap within us ! As the hills  
re-echo, Well done ! . . . Well done ! . . .

The music of the dance, with its  
measures of delight ! . . . The graceful rhythm  
of the waltz ! The trip of the spirited mazurka ! . . .

Where maid and gallant, free from care,  
Would seem to glide on feet of air ! . . .  
Whilst laughter, dancing in their eyes . . .  
Reveals a joy that deeper lies ! . . .

The sparkling vivity of the operetta ! As the noon-day glow of the sunlight ; when the shadows have crept out of sight ! . . . The enchanting beauties of the Opera ! Where light and shade are mingled, in triumph and despair ! . . .

But the music of music ! . . . voicing the glories of crowning genius ! as chords from harps immortal ! Re-echoing the deep-souled oracles of time ! . . . Are they not the chords that awoke in Egypt ! To invoke the stars ; that their glowing clusters might speak to us of countless ages ! . . . The music that is deep in the " Heart of Things." . . .

The lofty splendour of Handel's great Messiah ! . . . The deep-soul'd pathos of the Passions of Bach ! The majesty of the great requiems of Mozart ! . . . The towering Elijah of Mendelssohn ! The soul-like symphonies of Beethoven ! The liquid numbers of Chopin ! . . . and the dulcet tones of Schubert ! . . . Anon !

It cannot be that these glorious numbers are ever lost ! We may but seek for them, as the bee seeks the amber honey, deep in the " Heart of Things " ! . . .







NATURE CLOTHED IN HER GARMENTS OF SPRING.

# Nature.



Delightful the cool fresh morning air !  
As we pace the beaten track, or tread the dewy grass  
beneath our feet. Smoke lightly curling from cot or  
farm-house, far and near—blue against the sombre olive  
of the forest. The distant hills, deep blue in shadow,  
crowned with a soft radiance of purpling light ; pierced  
by many a golden shaft. Soft trailing veils of mist ;  
that like spirits of the night, reluctant to depart, gather  
their long ethereal robes about them, and with exquisite  
grace bow their farewells to the monarch of day, ere they  
vanish out of sight, or gather in the distance far away.

Here every wild flower  
by the way ; sweet, every song from glist'ning boughs ;  
and nature in her heart of hearts, hath joined with us  
in one long exultation . . . Life glowing every-  
where, in the sparkling beauty of the morn.

We view the rippling brook,  
wind like a silver thread, through soft downy banks of  
green, moss-grown rocks and spreading fern ; with mur-  
murings of joy ; like the babble of little tongues and



the patter of little feet ; as it bounds away through the valley, leaping and sparkling, in the first soft beams of the early sunlight.

Everywhere sunlight glow, and shadow soft and deep. **F**luttering wings of birds, darting through leafy bowers of "Calm delight." The bleating of the scattered flocks, and the soft lowing of cattle upon the distant slopes, give token of the awaking, joyous life of Nature, free and peaceful.

**F**or a moment, let us pause : Whilst we rest upon this grassy knoll ; and contemplate the stretching panorama, far as the eye can see, of Nature clothed in her garments of spring,—soft veils of shimmering sheen. **D**elighting the eye, and invoking thoughts sublime.

**S**cent of hay and honeyed wattle, wild hyacinth and rambling hawthorn ; with its memories sweet and olden. **L**et us drink in this pleasure, as it were. **L**et us not even speak for a moment . . . lest we mar its "perfect one accord."

**T**here would seem a moment, at the glowing hour of noon, as at the silent hour of midnight, when **N**ature would seem almost to pause ! to sleep ! **W**hen the flowers are drowsy ! when the cattle slumber ! And the birds are silent in the leafy glades !  
. . . **W**hen a stillness serene is over all . . .

Balmy moments of peaceful repose ! In the seclusion that is rest ! In the air that is life ! In the scene that holds the lover of Nature !—that speaks to us in a language all its own ! . . .

In the gleam of limpid waters, silver streaked !—reflecting, in soft blendings, every hue ! In the liquid depths of the deep ! irradiating ! captivating ! glorious blue of the Austral skies ! Whose fleecy clouds of dazzling whiteness, float dreamily ! becalmed ! In the sweep of the stretching velvet pasturage of fresh spring growth ! . . . In the bronzy-olive glint of the woodland leaf ! outspread in clustering profusion ! In the golden haze of the noon-day sun-rays ! Where they mingle, in powdery transparencies, with the soft veil-like shadows ! winding, interlacing ! . . .

These rocks of brown and grey ! to the geologist an open book ! As likewise the glist'ning pebbles in the brook ! the scattered boulders of basalt ! telling of ages past ! When from the crater of some huge towering volcano they were swept high in mid-air ! glowing volleys of molten lava ! to flow in devastating streams, from " Nature's mighty furnaces " beneath, adown the smiling slopes of rich primeval verdure !

. . . Lofty ferns of exquisite form and beauty ! 'neath sheltering forests of gigantic growth ! whose fossil remains lie buried, far beneath our feet !

Far in the distance, loom the  
lofty mountain ranges ! a shimmer of blue haze !  
seeming almost to mingle with the arching skies ! The  
sleeping hills, that fringe the valley ! crowned with the  
mantles of spring.

No wonder, that the stately savage !  
alone with Nature undisturbed, is a poet in thought, is  
eloquent in speech ! No wonder, that he can hear the  
Great Spirit ! whisper flowers of beauty into being,  
upon the low winds ! and waft the wild swan, to the  
silvery waters of the enchanted lake ! . . .

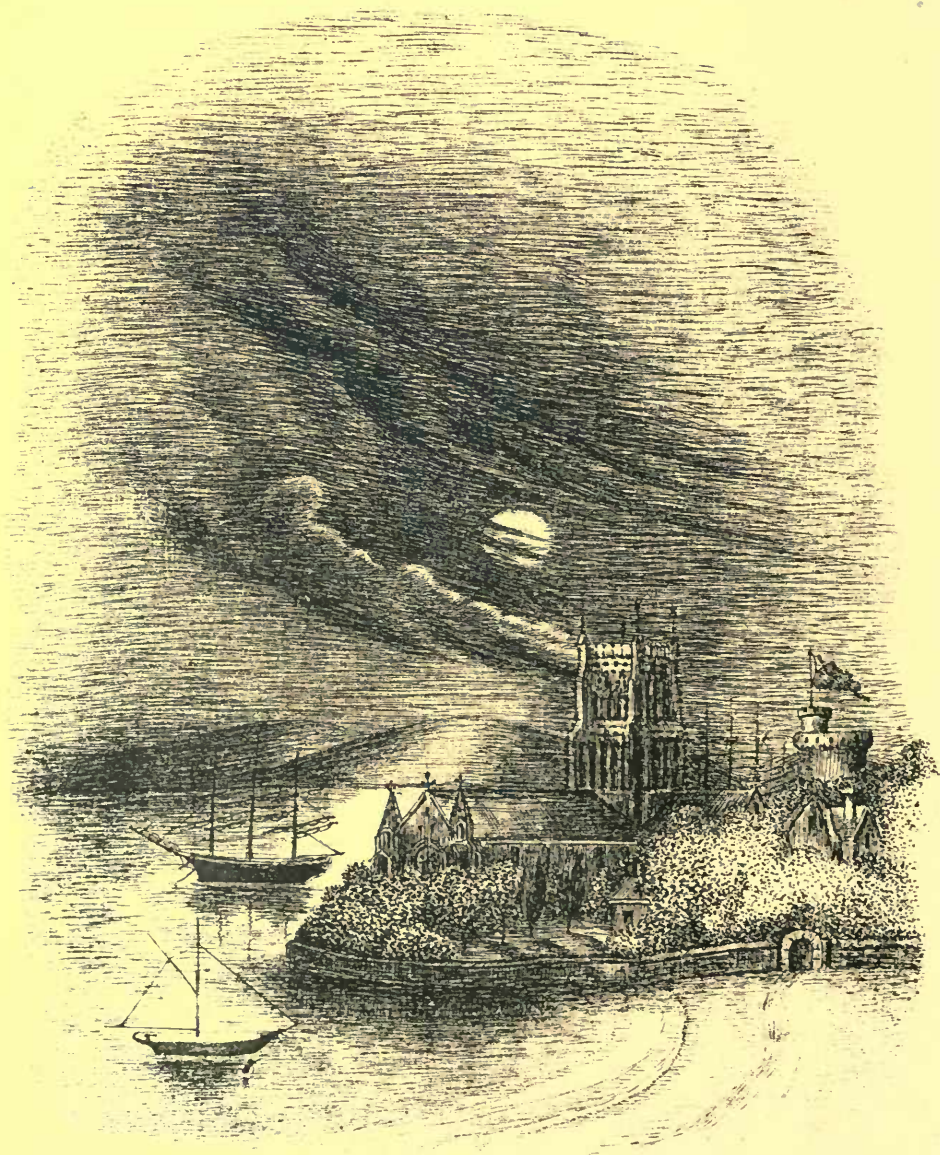
What rapture ! in the sunset's  
glow ! In its islets of dazzling, burnished gold ! . .  
afloat in seas of liquid jasper ! . . . In the glorious  
purple radiance ! scintillating, streaming, aslant the  
shadow'd hills ! . . . In the gleam ! of golden  
arrows, shot through the glinting tree-tops, and piercing  
the long sweeping shadows, that float o'er the valley !

. . . . .  
. . . . .

Passing in transient splendour, where Venus  
heralds the glory of Night, down ! gently down ! a  
dream of beauty, into the great sheltering Heart of  
Things ! . . .







RIGHT WITH ITS SILENT GRANDEUR ! . . .



# Night.



Night with its silent grandeur ! and its mystic, magic spell ! Fathomless depths of jewelled splendour ! Moonlight soft its silent hours enchanting ; mirrored in every sylvan stream, or dancing on the restless wave.

Weaving with its soft half lights, and stealthily gliding shadows, the mystic dread phantoms of the savage mind. Awaking in the breasts of mankind, in all ages, feelings of the supernatural. To some the charm of mystic beauty. To others, like its winding ghost-like mists, dreadful as the cold touch of steel. Yet ever alluring, to its silvery thrones, alike the timid and the brave.

What depths of calm beauty in the night. As if some great spirit were at rest, upon the endless paths of eternity. Whose mighty breast is heaved in the ocean's unceasing swell ; and whose breath is in the low winds, pure as that of a sleeping child.



**R**est ! glorious rest, that life  
renews ; rest in the strong yet tender arms of calm,  
majestic night !

**W**ho ! has not felt, its soft wooings  
from childhood. What memories of the heart ! its  
mystic charms recall. When " F'ancy " decked in silvery  
robes was ever Queen of Night. When later its whis-  
pered " thoughts profound " carried us away, amidst  
its glowing highways, in mind ; away into the vast,  
soul-like depths, of " spirit night."

**B**right, glorious eyes, that seem to  
penetrate our minds, and read our very thoughts. Like  
the full glance of some giant mind, invoking ! inspiring !  
at every step.

**B**eneath the flashing lights, of street  
or hall, with cheery step, the numbers flock. For the  
spell of Night is over all, and the gathering hours but  
seem to deepen, the fascination of its double charm ;  
that beguiles alike the gentle, fair youth and fine old  
age. Merry hearts that love the Night, and the touch of  
its magic wand ! Thrills of joy, and full-souled laughter,  
born of the " Night ! "

**W**ho has not loved to mingle  
with the gay smiling song of dancers ; beneath the  
brilliant lights that seem to flash their welcome. Where  
the wit seems thrice sparkling, and that soft light in  
beauties' eyes, " nightier than the sword or pen," rules  
imperious o'er the hearts of men.

Dark deeds are hidden in its  
swarthy folds, and anguish curtained in its silent hours.  
Yet night to us all, in its hallowed depths is a spirit of  
calm and peace.

That spirit that enthalls the  
tireless eyes of the Astronomer ; peering into the ever-  
growing paths of light, and dazzling beauty. And in  
mind penetrating into its glowing, vast, eternal depths ;  
grand ! yet awful ! to contemplate.

Companions of a kindred thought,  
the philosopher would seem to walk with night. At  
whose side we fain would linger, hour after hour, to  
view :—

Vast kingdoms of the mind arise,  
In nobler sequence to the skies.

Up from the dark boundaries  
of the Night, breaks the pale moon ; like some saintly  
soul whose thoughts are of the sleeping world. Away  
in the misty distance, across the rippling waters of the  
stretching lake, or the ocean's cycling horizon, she sheds  
her silvery beams. Amidst the calm beauty of the wild,  
weird, shadowy Landscape, with its crowning, sphinx-  
like, mountain crags ! That whisper of ages almost !  
and that seem to say : " Why this feverish human  
hast'ning ? Why these passions that burn within

your breasts ? Be calm as this 'splendid night silence !' and await the 'gleam of the dawn !' "

**L**ike a bird, on the wing, glides the barque, with wide-spread sails, o'er the ocean's swelling track. The phosphorus sparkling in her wake. " Eight bells " have told the hour of midnight, and all is silent, in starry heights, and ocean depths profound : save where the foam flows immaculate, as the dark waves curl back, with a long soft sigh.

**H**ow brilliantly the meteors flash ! How majestically the comet streams ! As night, after night, we view the wondrous sight ! . . . As gazing upon its fiery flow, we become charmed with the eternal glory of but one glimpse of a vast Universe ! forsooth without beginning, and without end ! The gorgeous Aurora's mighty-rainbow'd-cycling-rays. Like some vast transformation scene, or brilliant pyrotechnical display. Sweeping the horizon a vision of dazzling beauty. For beauty would seem to dwell in ever-changing scenes : like thought in ever-winding paths of upward, outward, trending. The far off misty landscape boundaries of to-day, beneath our feet, 'ere the close of to-morrow. . . . To-morrow, 'tis said, can never come ! . . . Nor yet the end ! . . . For does not all this " real ! " and " seeming ! " roll on as one, gigantic, transformation scene. **L**ight and shade. **L**ife forever . . . yet clothed but in a different



form. Seed to bloom! bloom to seed! . . . Gas  
to star! and star to gas! . . . *Infinito!* . . .  
Yet Immortal stars! of soul-mind! that never set!  
. . . In the "Heart of Things"!!

Beauty's eye fades like the rose, and the strong  
arm must yield to time. Day gives place to Night  
. . . and the shadows must cover even for awhile.  
But if these shadows are but like the "sweetest sleep  
of Night"! 'twill be well! . . . Indeed it will be  
well! . . .

. . . . .  
What rapture in the mystic scene, . . .  
To view the majesty of Night! . . .  
And feel that "spirit" stretch between  
Its myriad sentinels of light!

. . . . .  
. . . . .





HEROES ! A BARRIER OF DEFENCE !

# Dumb Heroes.



**W**e build, for all time, fine monuments! to gratefully commemorate the noble deeds of the heroes of mankind! Monuments that in themselves bear testimony to the glorious achievements of art! And upon which we may well gaze with pride! in that our heroes are remembered, truly and well.

**W**hat of the heroes not of mankind? . . .  
Heroes! that have given such splendid service to the human race! . . . In their noble courage! and heroic, unfaltering, endurance! contributing so often to the splendid achievements of arms! To the glory that wins the cherished badge of honour! The highly prized insignia of hard won victory!

**T**he well-tried trusty steed! that carries the gallant star-bedecked warrior; who bears himself proudly to the thrilling music, of a grateful Nation's welcome! **F**resh from the field of victory, he leads his gallant men!



**F**or whom alone ! the deaf'ning, lusty, shouts of  
welcome ! The thrice re-echoing well done !

**S**hall not the spirited war-horse, the dumb  
hero of many a glorious victory ! share the proud  
moment ! . . . the wild acclaim of gratitude !

**I**s it not seen in his courtly glance !  
Does he not proclaim it in his kingly bearing ? “ I am  
no less a hero of the hour ! ”

**D**ocile as a child, a lion at heart ! where  
for him the badge of honour ! Shall he not also wear a  
“ star of victory ” ! upon his glossy breast !

**T**ruely to his training and fine instincts,  
the riderless war-horse regains the ranks ! obedient to  
the bugle's shrill notes, re-echoing the word of command !

**W**hat a grand ! imposing sight these  
dumb warriors make ! Ranged up in line of battle !  
'Midst the full blast of war ! The roar of cannon ! the  
fierce flash of flame ! The rolling, livid smoke ! The  
gleam of steel ! and agony, and death !

**H**ow warrior-like they look ! with  
their rolling fiery eyes, and nostrils wide extended !  
The hot steam shooting out in sprays of white silvery  
vapour ! Champing, anon, their gleaming bits, and  
pawing the earth. Now tossing their beautiful heads

in seeming defiance : eager again for the fray ! even as man ! Truly of animals the most stately ! the most graceful ! the most beautiful.

No wonder that gentle woman, in the hour of bitterness and disappointment, has caressed the velvet nostrils of this noble animal ! the beloved, trusty, steed ! Have looked into his speaking eyes ; for the friendship that is in his kindly glance ! for the heroism that is in his soft reply.

Shall poets forget these dumb heroes ? . . . When they sing to the memory ! to the glory of gallant deeds ! . . . Of the valorous sweep to death ! . . . Few dumb heroes have been remembered ? . . .

How welcome the ring of metal ! As the messenger of war is borne through the streets of some Town, that lies upon the path of a victorious foe ! His trusty steed dripping at the flanks, the foam flying from his mouth in feathery flakes ! racing for dear life. . . The warning cry of fire, illuming the distant sky in awful splendour ! or floods, in torrents sweeping ! away ! . . . away ! . . . The rider has dismounted ! the noble steed is trembling in every limb, his eyes are starting from their sockets, behold him sink in death ! . . . Alas ! . . . to be forgotten ! . . .

How many lives have hung upon his  
heroship ! Yet where is even a simple wayside, granite  
tablet ! to mark a hero's fall ! . . .

He is only a horse ? yet a horse may be a hero ? no  
less than a man.

Alike ! in winter's bitter blast, or summer's  
scorching heat, ever the trusty friend of man, in fair and  
in foul, his place is in the forefront of every war-like or  
peaceful achievement ; in the advancing trend of human  
events.

With the fierce Saracen, beneath  
the crescent, or with the flower of European chivalry,  
brave ! unflinching ! The same invincible lion ! on the  
path of duty.

When we gaze upon the marble statue  
of some great human warrior ! . . . some revered  
hero of " flood or field ! " . . . let us not forget  
mayhap the other hero that bore him to victory !

Where would be the stately Arab ?  
without his beloved steed ! . . . a silken model  
of perfect grace ! . . . And where the sons of this  
sunny isle of the south ! that dearly love a goodly steed.  
Horseman ! truly to the manner born !

The hardy Australian horse that is  
proving himself in almost every land to-day, a worthy  
scion of his race, may yet prove to us, or to our children ;



as they have so truly proved themselves in all times of peace and danger, from fire or flood. . . .  
"Heroes! a barrier of defence!" . . . should fate decree the purple tide of war to sweep away the envied peace! The sweet immunity of a hundred years!

. . . . .

**D**eny it! some may, that a soul or a mind!

**S**oft glows from the eye, of this model of beauty!

**B**ut! they may not deny what is due from mankind!

**T**o the heart of a hero in duty!

. . . . .

**T**here is another dumb hero! It matters not to him how we place him! first or last upon the tablets of our hearts! He will but laugh, with his tongue out, and offer his affectionate paw! . . . Expectant in every movement he would seem to divine our every thought.

**L**ove me! love my dog! . . . How many have had good reason to feel a grateful, deep affection for this type of hero! . . . He that will so often give his life for ours! **W**hen all have forsaken he remains! true to the last!

**A** motherless infant is asleep in the cradle of a shepherd's cottage! A fine collie is on guard! stretched in front of the sleeping infant! The slightest stir from without and a low growl escapes him! . . . What deep sympathy is expressed in those watchful,

kindly eyes ! . . . Obedient to the temporary absentee's command he remains ! A guardian hero by day, and by night.

Is it not marvellous ? the devotion this dumb animal exhibits ! In his simple child-like tenacity. Exposed to bitter cold and days of hunger, he awaits once more the voice of his master ! though his master has crossed the bounds of eternity ! . . . With whispered requiems in the sigh of the fanning breeze ! And the tears of a faithful dog ! . . . He was not alone ! " In the Heart of Things " !

In so many instances the sagacity of this hero would seem to have passed into the realms of almost the supernatural ! In, for instance, the sense of impending danger ! A remarkable instance being given, upon credible authority :—A fine specimen of the mastiff breed, the property of an English gentleman, persisted on one occasion in creeping under his master's bed, at evenfall, notwithstanding that he had been punished as a forbidden intruder ! His master at last giving up the attempt in surprise at his unusual persistency ! That night the gentleman's life was attempted ! but a friend from beneath the bed saved him from the assassin's knife ! . . . With a readiness that baffles human understanding, he will play the detective with no uncertain result, where affecting his master, or those of the household to which he belongs.

Anon ! some messenger of hope  
is wending his way down the gleaming Alpine slope !  
His fine eyes speaking courage and intelligence !  
His every movement full of dignity and grace !  
The hero of those wintry wastes !

To rescue from tombs of eternal snow !  
Victims of the Alpine blast ! . . .

How tender to a child ! how gentle  
to a woman !

Compeers of men ! in courage,  
endurance and faithfulness ! What have they not en-  
dured for our race, for all mankind !

Few monuments ! few memorial stones !  
have been erected to the memory of these true heroes  
of the Animal Kingdom ! . . .

When the music thrills, where silver stars are  
glinting ! Where the name re-echoes ! of brave defen-  
ders of life and property, by field ! and fire ! and flood !  
. . . When the glasses clink ! and the toast is  
honored ! to many a human hero ! Oh ! let us not  
forget, for very shame-sake ! those that have so truly  
earned the title of **DUMB HEROES !**



# On Fancy's Golden Wing.



On "Fancy's Golden Wing!" we glide,  
To where old scenes of glory lie.  
Old halls of "Knightly chivalry!"  
Great deeds! that never die.

Old warriors of the sword and pen.  
Rich tokens of forgotten art,  
Crusaders! from old Jewry's wreck,  
Red Cross Knight! and Lion Heart!

To shrines of beauty! . . . queenly grace!  
The "Rose!" . . . The "Lily"! ever blessed!  
As if within those oaken frames,  
The fragrance of the violets pressed.

To ruins of old castles stout . . .

That frown upon the silver Rhine !

Where Prince, of old, and Baron quaffed,

The purpled nectar of the vine.

Where old Cathedrals of Madrid,

Point their " long fingers " to the sky !

The matador ! with dripping steel,

Seeks the soft light ! of beauty's eye !

Where Venice sleepeth ! on the sea !

Gondolas decked in splendour glide !

There dark-eyed maid and lover seek,

The soft arms of the tide. . . .

Where fiery blasts ! the deserts sweep !

And wrecks of Omer's ! valour lie !

The glory of an empire floats

Unchallenged ! . . . to the sky.

To golden cities ! of the East !

And wrecks of splendour ! that has been ;

Where mingled races of the earth . . .

Flow like a tide ! between . . .

To domes of Mecca ! pilgrims seek !

Great temples ! that enchant the eye !

And Himalaya's ! mighty peaks ! . . .

That seems to mingle with the sky.

Where like a star ! the " Orient prince " !

With dazzling splendour ! holds the eye.

And saints of Budda in their zeal !

Forget to live beneath the sky. . . .

Where scattered o'er the Yellow Sea !

Huge junks their bat-like wings display !

And " dark-soul'd " pirates ! ever steal,

Like panthers ! to their prey. . . .

Where spices from the " Sunda Isles " !

Are wafted by the summer breeze !

And slumbering to " fair Austral's " shores,

Awake ! the tropic seas. . . .

Where southern seas in beauty break !

O'er coral reefs, in " summer smiles " !

And waving palm leaves cluster o'er ;

The beauteous verdure of the isles.

Where the vast lake ! enchanted lies . . . .

And mighty forests deck the shore . . . .

While upon its glassy face . . . .

The Indian lingers, to adore ! . . . .

Yet where the arctic isles of ice,

Float with the white bear and the seal,

Reflecting glories ! of the sun . . . .

Greater ! than pen or art, can e'er reveal.



# To Thought.



Go ! with the bee, into the Heart ! of every flower !  
Each palace, of pure delight !  
Go ! taste the sweetness ! of the soul ! that dwells,  
Within, " Illimitable Light " !

Rest ! where the golden beams of day,  
Smile ! through the leafy shade.  
'Twill speak to thee, the merry brook !  
In the sweet language of the glade.

Behold ! the insect, with its beauteous wings ;  
Enraptured ! in the balmy air . . .  
'Twill tell thee more than all the stars !  
The hidden splendours ! there.

Here " Nature " ! robed in ever-changing forms,  
Sings to the " Heart " ; or gives to the storm its awe-  
some force.  
A Voice ! within a Voice ! entreats the humble insect ;  
And guides the rolling spheres in their eternal course.

JOHN SANDS, SYDNEY.



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